

SPAWN



Capullo 3

132



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

pratfall



DEDICATED TO
FRED WAGENHALS

PLOT
TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
ALLEN MARTINEZ
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

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SPAWN 131 SUMMARY

Spawn and Twitch find Max in a house along with seven other ghosts. After being shot by Sally, Twitch offers his life force to Max. Max refuses to let his father go toward the light. Spawn fights off a demon who claims that the ghost occupants of the house are its food. Spawn finally sends the demon back to Hell and uses his Hell-born powers to revive a near-death Twitch.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



SPAWN.COM

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Σ
Hmm-mmm-
hmmm-mmm-
mmm.... Σ



OH...
GOOD
EVENING.
I DIDN'T
SEE YOU
THERE.



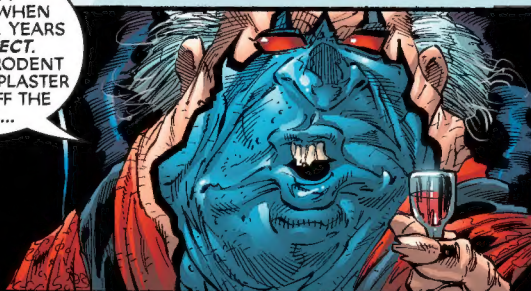
HOW KIND
OF YOU TO DROP
IN. AS YOU CAN
SEE, I'VE DONE MY
BEST TO MAKE MY
EXISTENCE MORE
PALATABLE.



IT TOOK
A WHILE, BUT
I'VE GROWN QUITE
ACCUSTOMED
TO MY NEW
SURROUNDINGS.
MY OWN LITTLE
PIED-A-TIER, BE
IT EVER SO
HUMBLE.

I CAN'T
GO OUT
YOU SEE.
NOT REALLY.
SO ONE MUST
MAKE DO
WITH WHAT
ONE HAS.

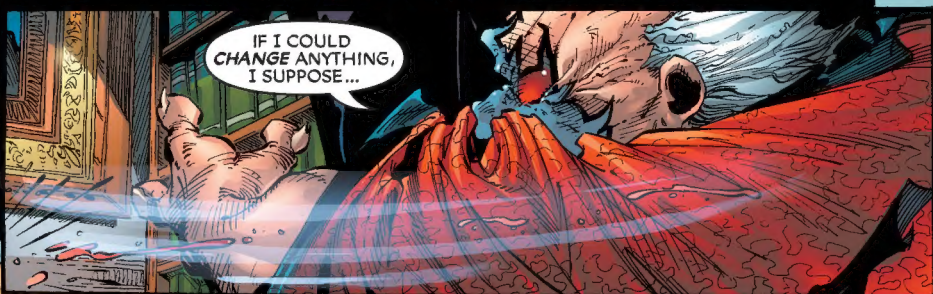
IT WAS
QUITE A
DISASTER WHEN
I MOVED IN. YEARS
OF *NEGLECT*.
COBWEBS, RODENT
DROPPINGS, PLASTER
FALLING OFF THE
WALLS...



≡SIGH...≡



IF I COULD
CHANGE ANYTHING,
I SUPPOSE...



KREESH!

WHAK!

SPLANG!





I WOULD TAKE A
FLAMETHROWER
TO THIS MUTHA! BURN
THIS **FREAKIN'**
RAT'S NEST
TO THE GODDAMN
GROUND!

WHEN I
WAS DONE WITH
THAT I'D BEND
OVER AND DROP A HOT,
STEAMIN' **DUMP**
ON THE CHARRED
REMAINS OF THIS
MISERABLE LITTLE
HELLHOLE!

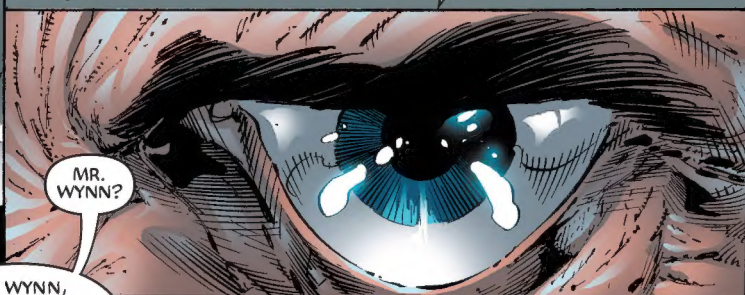
THEN I'D
HIKE UP MY
BRITCHES, TURN
ON MY HEEL, RIDE
OFF INTO THE
SUNSET AND
**NEVER LOOK
BACK!**



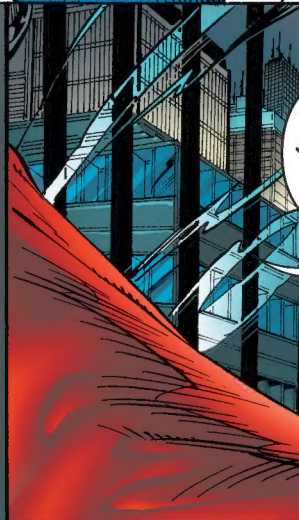
**I! WANT!
OUT!**



NOW...



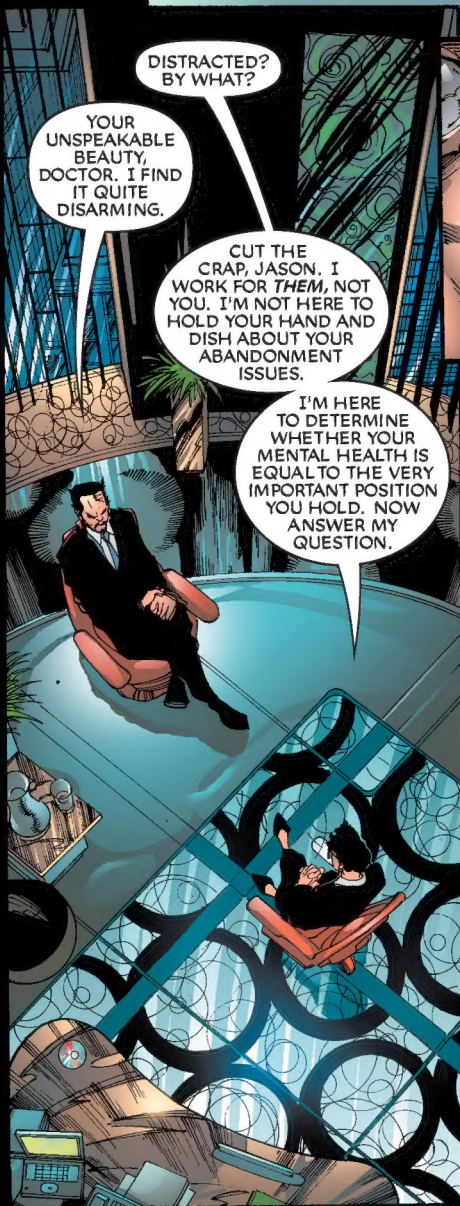
MR.
WYNN?



MR. WYNN,
NEED I REMIND
YOU THESE SESSIONS
ARE A CONDITION OF
YOUR REINSTATEMENT
WITH THE FIRM? I
SUGGEST YOU GIVE
THEM YOUR FULL
ATTENTION.

SORRY.
I WAS JUST
DISTRACTED. I
APOLOGIZE.



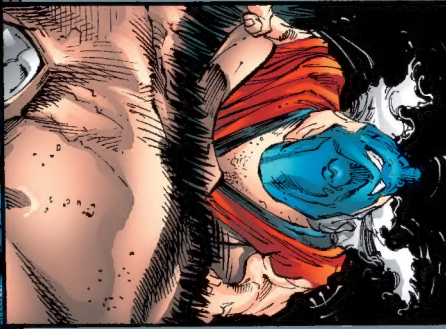


DISTRACTED?
BY WHAT?

YOUR
UNSPEAKABLE
BEAUTY,
DOCTOR. I FIND
IT QUITE
DISARMING.

CUT THE
CRAP, JASON. I
WORK FOR *THEM*, I
NOT HERE TO
HOLD YOUR HAND AND
DISH ABOUT YOUR
ABANDONMENT
ISSUES.

I'M HERE
TO DETERMINE
WHETHER YOUR
MENTAL HEALTH IS
EQUAL TO THE VERY
IMPORTANT POSITION
YOU HOLD. NOW
ANSWER MY
QUESTION.

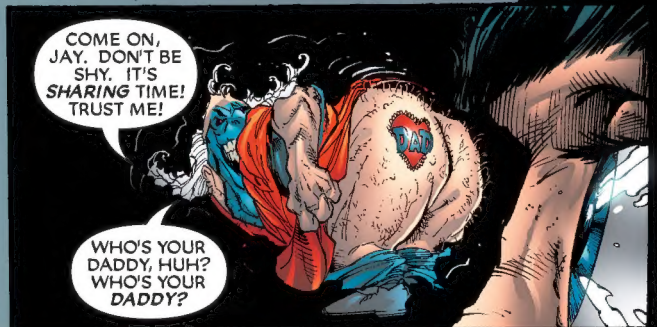


GO AHEAD.
TELL HER. TELL HER
ABOUT THE *BROADS*
YOU'VE BEEN
KILLING.

TELL
HER ABOUT
STALKING
THE STREETS
OF MANHATTAN
WITH A BUTCHER
KNIFE IN YOUR
HAND.



TELL HER
ABOUT THE *BULGE*
YOU GET IN YOUR PANTS
WHEN YOU *SLICE* INTO
THEIR SWEET YOUNG FLESH
'N' WATCH THE BLOOD
TRICKLE OUT LIKE
RED WINE.



COME ON,
JAY. DON'T BE
SHY. IT'S
SHARING TIME!
TRUST ME!

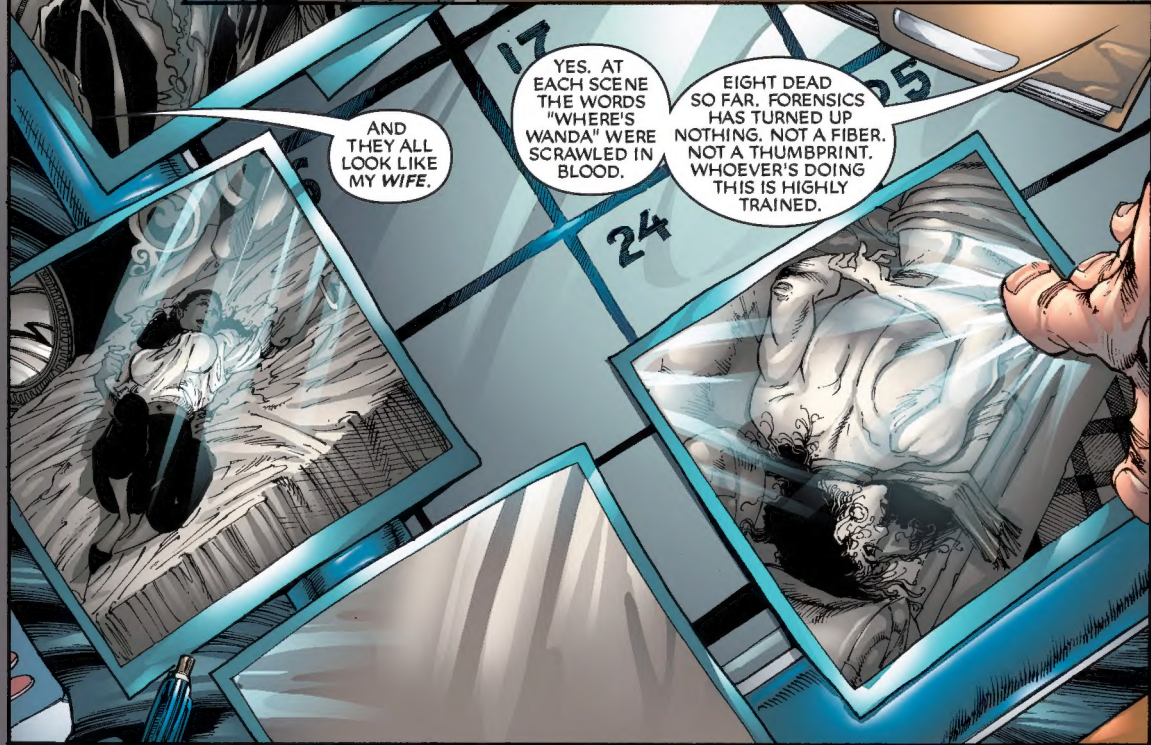
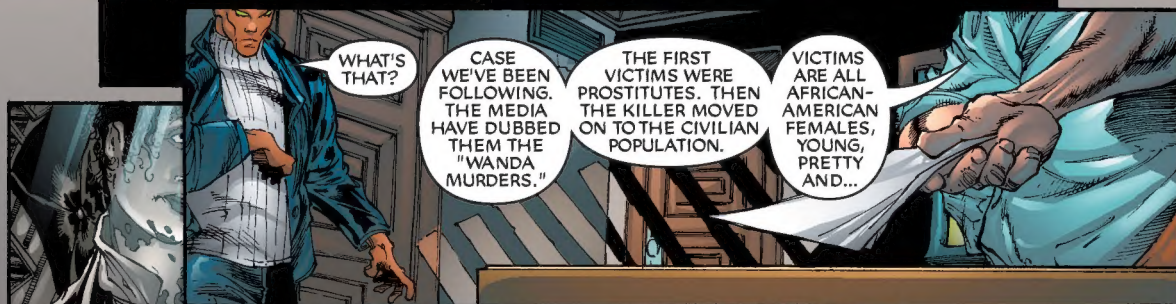
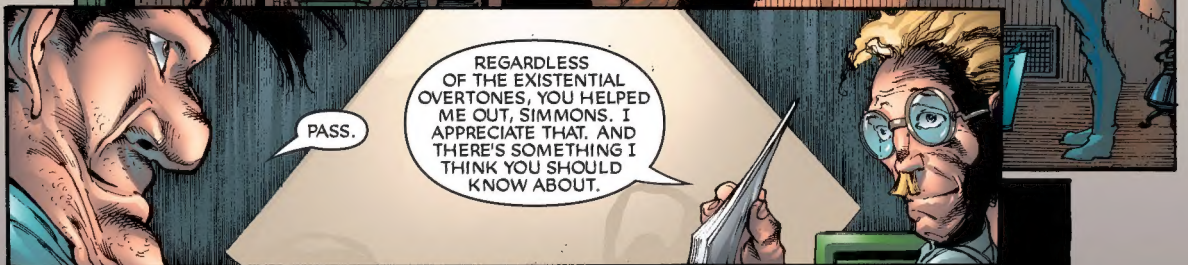
WHO'S YOUR
DADDY, HUH?
WHO'S YOUR
DADDY?

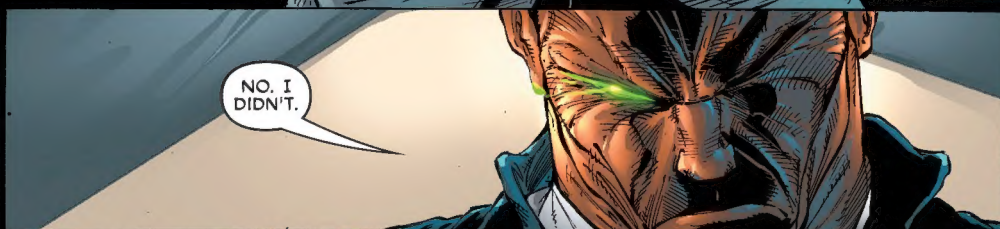


DO
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
YOU WANT TO
SHARE?



NO.





MANHATTAN.

MAN LIKE YOU,
HEALTHY YOUNG
BUCK, YOU'VE
GOT APPETITES.
IT'S ONLY
NATURAL.

GO ON,
JAY-MAN.
IT'S *FRIDAY*
NIGHT.
TREAT
YOURSELF.

NO ONE ELSE UNDERSTANDS. BUT I DO.
THAT'S WHY I'M YOUR FRIEND.

THIS
CITY'S A
GODDAMN
BUFFET,
JUST
WAITING
FOR YOU
TO GET
YOUR FILL.

YOUR
ONLY
FRIEND.

LIKE
FISH
IN A
FREAKIN'
BARREL.

GO ON, JASON.
INDULGE
YOURSELF.

TAKE WHAT'S
RIGHTFULLY
YOURS.



HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, THERE'S NO SOUND EXCEPT THE WIND. IT MOVES WARM AND SLOW TONIGHT, LIKE THE BREATH OF A GREAT, DORMANT BEAST.

HE CAN FEEL IT HEAVE AND SIGH BENEATH HIM. STILL, BUT UNMISTAKABLY ALIVE.

HE LISTENS CLOSER. THERE'S A SECRET LANGUAGE THAT VIBRATES THROUGH THE STEELY LANDSCAPE.

IT DANCES ACROSS TELEPHONE WIRES AND HUMS THROUGH CONCRETE PILLARS.

IT REACHES OUT, RIPPLES GLIDING ACROSS A DARK POND.

OUT THERE IN THE DARK ARE COUNTLESS ENVOYS, A MILLION SECRET EYES.

ALL IT TAKES IS TIME.


AND PATIENCE.

EVENTUALLY, THE NIGHT WILL YIELD ITS SECRETS.

PLEASE... PLEASE...

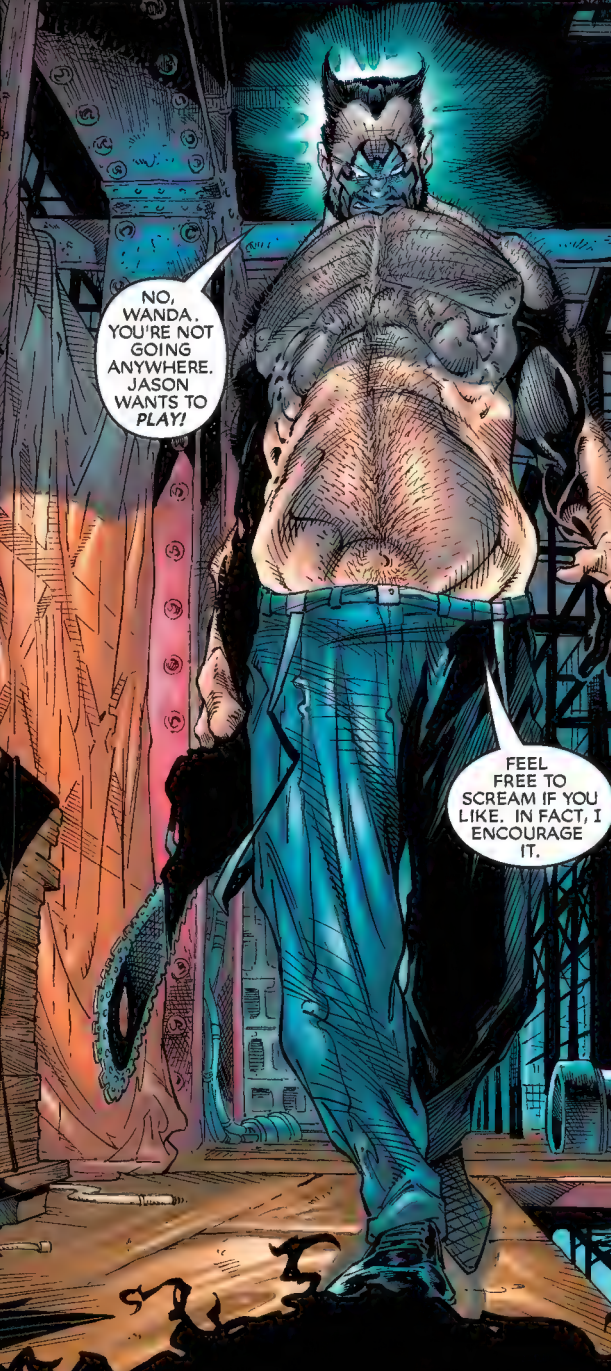


DON'T
HURT ME.
PLEASE DON'T
HURT ME! I-I'M
PREGNANT.
PLEASE!



PREGNANT? WHAT
A NAUSEATING THOUGHT.
ALL THIS VILE WORLD NEEDS
IS ANOTHER FOUL LITTLE
MAGGOT SCAMPING ACROSS
ITS DEAD CARCASS.

REALLY,
WANDA.
I'D HAVE
THOUGHT
BETTER OF
YOU.



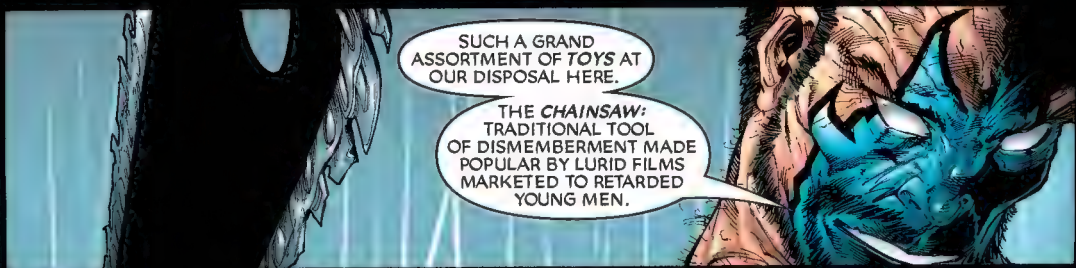
NO,
WANDA.
YOU'RE NOT
GOING
ANYWHERE.
JASON
WANTS TO
PLAY!

FEEL
FREE TO
SCREAM IF YOU
LIKE. IN FACT, I
ENCOURAGE
IT.



WANDA?
I'M NOT
WANDA.
THERE'S
BEEN SOME
MISTAKE.

PLEASE, LET
ME GO. I WANT
TELL ANYONE. I
SWEAR. I SWEAR
ON THE LIFE OF MY
BABY! PLEASE!



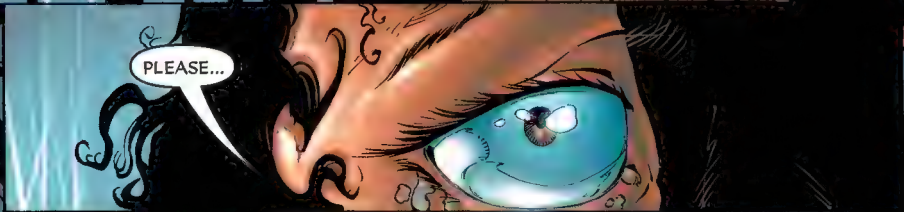
SUCH A GRAND ASSORTMENT OF TOYS AT OUR DISPOSAL HERE.

THE CHAINSAW: TRADITIONAL TOOL OF DISMEMBERMENT MADE POPULAR BY LURID FILMS MARKETED TO RETARDED YOUNG MEN.



AND THE DRILL. PHALLIC AND TERRIFYING AND SO BITTERLY COLD. IT'S ALL RATHER FREUDIAN, DON'T YOU THINK?

STILL, I IMAGINE IT COULD GRIND YOUR INFANT INTO A NICE PATE.



PLEASE...

CHRIST!

JASON, YOU'RE BORING ME TO TEARS OVER HERE. YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE LAMEST SERIAL KILLER IN HISTORY!

"FREUDIAN?" "PATE?" WHO ARE YOU? SPAULDING-FREAKIN'-GRAY? WHAT A PANSY!



IGNORE HIM.

WHAT? IGNORE WHO?




SHUT UP!
SHUT UP,
YOU SLUTTISH
LITTLE
BITCH!

LISTEN
TO ME!



I AM
GOING TO
HURT YOU!
I AM GOING TO
VIOLATE
YOU!


I AM
GOING TO
BRING PAIN SO
UNIMAGINABLE
THAT THE LAST
FEW SECONDS OF
YOUR MISERABLE,
MEDIocre,
MEANINGLESS
LITTLE
LIFE--



--IS GOING
TO SEEM LIKE SOME
HELLISH ETERNITY
FROM WHICH YOU WOULD
GLADLY TRADE YOUR
CHILD'S SOUL FOR ONE
MOMENT OF
RESPIRE!

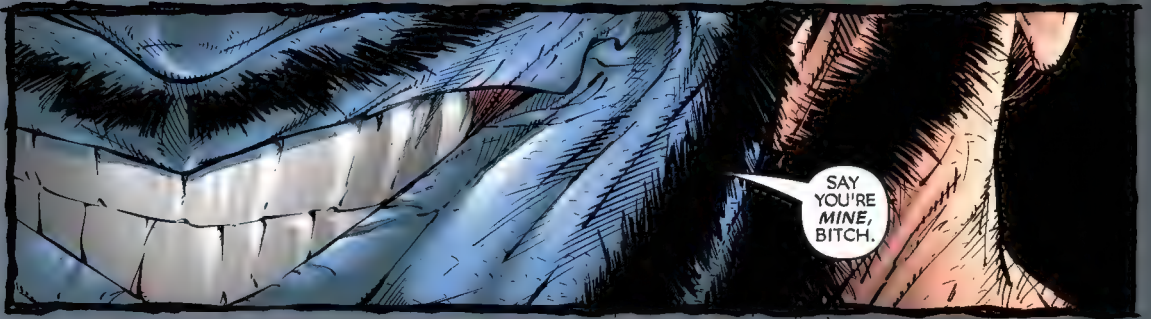


EH.
NOT
BAD.



DO YOU
KNOW WHY,
WANDA?

BECAUSE
DEEP DOWN
THAT'S WHAT
YOU REALLY
WANT!





...YOU'RE
MINE,
BITCH!



NO!

WYNN!
YOU'RE
BEHIND
THIS?

I THOUGHT
I WAS DONE WITH
YOU. I THOUGHT I
LEFT YOU BROKEN
AND BATTERED, THE
HOLLOW SHELL OF
A MAN.

GET UP
AND FIGHT
BACK, YOU
LITTLE
PUSSY!

YOU TOOK MY
LIFE, WYNN! I SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN YOURS A
LONG TIME AGO. SCREAM
ALL YOU WANT. NO ONE
CAN HEAR YOU!

I SHOULD BURN
YOU! BURN YOU TO
A CRISP! LET YOU CHOKE
ON THE SMELL OF YOUR
OWN CHARRING FLESH,
JUST LIKE YOU DID
TO ME!

NO...
PLEASE...

BUT I
WON'T.

WHAT?

YOU'LL
GET WHAT
YOU
DESERVE.

THIS WILL ALL BE
MADE PUBLIC. YOU WILL
BE HUMILIATED, DRAGGED
THROUGH A TRIAL, EXPOSED
FOR WHAT YOU ARE AND
LOCKED AWAY.

JUSTICE
WILL
PREVAIL.

AND
THROUGH
EVERY MOMENT OF
YOUR HUMILIATION,
YOU WILL KNOW
WHO BROUGHT YOU
DOWN. AND THEN,
WHEN IT'S ALL
OVER...

SIMMONS...?

THEN
I'LL
COME FOR
YOU.



HELP ME!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!



WHO'S
GOING TO
HELP YOU,
JASON?

TRY
BEGGING!
PLEAD
FOR YOUR
LIFE!




PLEASE!
I BEG
YOU!

SHUT
UP,
JASON.
IT'S
OVER.



TRY
BARGAINING!
OFFER HIM
INFORMATION!
MAKE A
DEAL!



I... I HAVE
INFORMATION.
I KNOW WHERE
YOUR WIFE IS. I
CAN TELL YOU
WHO REALLY
KILLED YOU...
I CAN...

YOU'RE PATHETIC.

HE'S NOT BUYING WHAT YOU'RE SELLING, JASON! TRY RUNNING!

GO!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, JASON.

WHOA!

BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I TOOK A MORE HANDS-ON APPROACH. EXECUTIVE DECISION. YOU UNDERSTAND.

HAAH!

SEE, THE THING IS, JAY, RELATIONSHIPS, THEY HAVE THEIR LIMITATIONS. YOU WERE GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF LAUGHS, BUT IN THE END YOU WERE A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I NEEDED A PAIR OF HANDS AND SINCE YOUR HEAD WAS VACANT AS AN EMPTY LOT, I THOUGHT I'D MOVE IN.



NO
HARD
FEELINGS,
HUH,
PAL?

SO
LONG,
JAY. YOU
CRAZY
LITTLE
FREAK
OF A
MAN.

WYNN?

...

NO!
STOP HIM!
HE'S GOING TO
KILL ME!

No
oo
oo

AAAAA
AA
H!

OH, MY
GOD! YOU
SAVED MY LIFE.
HE WAS
GOING TO...

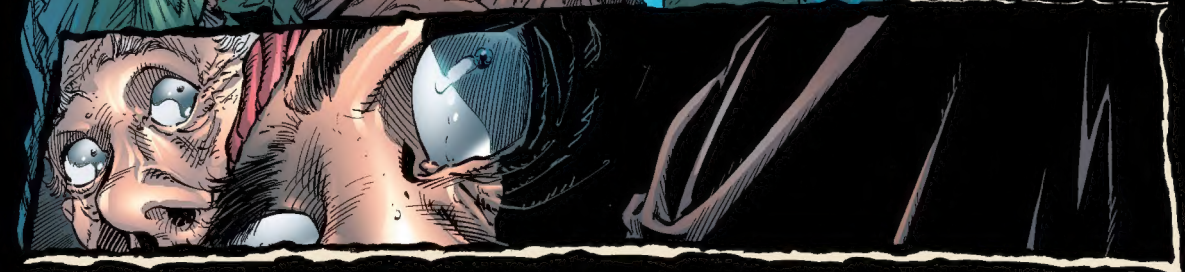
TAKE THE
SERVICE
ELEVATOR
DOWN.

THE POLICE
WILL BE HERE
SOON.

WAIT.
WHAT DO I
TELL THEM?
WHO ARE
YOU?

NO
ONE.





YOU
NEVER SEEN A
CLOWN
BEFORE?





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE